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AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS ON THE
OCCASION OF THE
FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET
OF THE

Indiana Society of Chicago

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE, AT THE
AUDITORIUM HOTEL.

PREPARED FOR THE PERSONAL USE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY
UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
WILBUR D. NESBIT
HISTORIAN OF THE INDIANA SOCIETY OF CHICAGO.

BLACK GOLD





HE First Annual Banquet of the Indiana Society of Chicago was given in the Auditorium Hotel on the night of December 21, 1905, and the enjoyment and enthusiasm of the evening may be taken as an index of the interest of members and of their friends in the objects and purposes of the organization.

The grand old State of Indiana was toasted and praised to the highest degree by those of

her sons who are now aliens, but whose hearts are still true to the mother commonwealth.

The great banquet room was decorated lavishly and tastefully with national emblems and with profuse designs of rare flowers and exotics.

Judge Joseph H. Defrees, as toastmaster, started the festivities by proposing a toast to Indiana, which was drunk standing.

The speakers' table stretched along one side of the room, and among those there seated were: Judge Defrees, Judge Christian Kohlsaot, George Ade, S. S. McClure, the magazine publisher, who began his career at Valparaiso; John T. McCutcheon, Attorney-General Charles Miller, Judge Field, Judge Grosscup, Judge K. M. Landis, W. D. Nesbit, Father Cavanaugh, the President of Notre Dame; President Stone, of Purdue; Senator A. J.

Beveridge, the guest of honor of the evening; Dr. W. C. Covert, A. C. Durborrow, John E. Lamb, Judge Bethea, Judge McEwen, D. R. Forgan, A. N. Eddy, J. C. Shaffer, John Moran, H. C. Barlow and Curtis Remy.

The invocation was offered by the Rev. William Chalmers Covert, D. D.

After an elaborate menu had been served, toastmaster Defrees rapped for order, and introduced the first speaker of the evening, Mr. George Ade.

Mr. Ade said:

"I come here to-night truly thankful for one thing. I am glad that the State line lies to the west of my birth-place instead of to the east. I came within four miles of not being an author. I am thankful also for the privilege of meeting with the Indiana Society even if I do come in under false pretenses. As a matter of fact, I am now a resident of the Hoosier State. I had to move back there in order to square myself.

"A few years ago a well-meaning friend quoted me as saying in response to the observation that many bright people come from Indiana, 'Yes, and the brighter they are the sooner they come.' Of course I never made any such remark. First, because it is a libel on my native State, and second, because it is a chestnut. This brilliant retort was originally sprung by Joseph during his famous interview with Potiphar's wife. She was asking him about his native country and the trouble he had with his brothers, and remarked that a great many bright people came from his neck of the woods, and he replied that the brighter they were the sooner they came. Long afterward John Smith got a laugh out of Pochontas by making the same glittering response when she observed

that many bright people were coming over from England. However, I had to suffer for this joke in spite of its antiquity, and found that I could live it down only by going back and establishing a residence in Indiana. Evidently you have forgiven me or I could not be present this evening.

"The subject of my brief discourse this evening will be 'Hoosiers I Have Met.' My friends, I am nearing that mile-post which marks the limit of man's usefulness. According to Dr. Osler, the man of forty has outlived his actual usefulness and is merely an incumbrance to the earth. Here, in the twilight of my career, looking back over a long and well-spent life, I find that the only real joys I have known are those arising from my association with Hoosiers. You know that every man who has rubbed up against greatness loves to blow about it, and inasmuch as I was born in Indiana and spent many years there, I have had unusual opportunities for mingling with the chosen and elect. If I had been born north in Michigan, east in Ohio, south in Kentucky, or west in Illinois, I should have spent my life in sordid association with low browed agriculturists, plain business men and cheap professionals. Having been born in Indiana, I have traveled with statesmen, novelists, poets, and every manner of literary genius.

"Seriously speaking, what a wonderful galaxy Indiana has shown to the world during the last four decades. The first great Hoosier that I remember having seen in our little village was Schuyler Colfax, one of the most lovable of men, and, in the judgment of all northern Indiana, the most worthy statesman of his time. I brought out my blue autograph album and he wrote in it. He was probably the worst penman that ever lived, but we knew it was his autograph because we had seen him write it.

"About the same time Thomas A. Hendricks swept down upon our Republican stronghold. I remember sitting on the edge of the platform there in the court house yard listening for two hours to his persuasive eloquence as he attacked every article of faith which had been hammered into me from the cradle. For weeks afterward I was haunted by the awful suspicion that possibly there were two sides to the question, and then a bright young man from Indianapolis—and by the way one of the brightest of our Hoosier collection—John L. Griffiths, came along and demolished the Democratic party and let a flood of light in on my young soul. About the same time (this was in 1876) I had the unusual privilege of riding for twelve miles seated alongside of Benjamin Harrison, who was going to an outlying town to make a speech. He was running against Bluejeans Williams that year, and his enemies repeatedly charged him with the awful crime of wearing kid gloves. It was a fight between bluejeans and kid gloves, and the bluejeans won that year, and Mr. Harrison seemed to have reached the end of his political career. And yet, when it comes time to make up the roll of honor from Indiana's sons, native and adopted, no doubt Benjamin Harrison's name will be first.

"In 1876, however, I remember that as we rode together in the livery rig I regarded him with a choking sort of awe and that there was very little conversation. When Albert G. Porter was candidate for governor he came out into the corn belt to deliver a speech and once more I tagged on and rode across country with him. We came to a mud hole and Governor Porter and I got out and cooned the fence for a hundred yards while the horses floundered through the black mire. And to-day, gentlemen, in-

stead of those frightful roads with their bottomless pits, we have boulevards as perfect as Michigan Avenue, and the farm hand who doesn't own an automobile seldom goes into society.

"These are some of the recollections of my early childhood and they are very fond to me because they concern the great big men of public life in Indiana. But really, I did not begin to feel on easy terms with Hoosier celebrities until I began to fit myself for a literary career by taking the scientific course at an agricultural college. It was then that I began to meet the McCutcheons and soon after that I began to hear of the Landises. In certain sections of Indiana the Landis and McCutcheon crops are only excelled by the corn crop. John McCutcheon had already attained some local reputation and George was breaking into provincial journalism. He was then known as John McCutcheon's brother, and when it was whispered around that he had a secret ambition to write a book and was sending away manuscripts and getting them back again we all had a great pity for him and often advised him to turn his attention to something remunerative, such as house painting. Little did we suspect he would one day have his name enrolled permanently among the six best sellers, and that the brilliant young cartoonist would be known as the brother of George Barr McCutcheon.

"Gentlemen, I trust you will pardon the frequent recurrence of the first person. I have met genius on its native heath and I want to brag about it here to-night, and therefore I must use the 'I.' While I was at Purdue University, wondrous tales came up from the south. Every collegian in the state had heard of Albert J. Beveridge, who was supposed to be 'it' at De Pauw University; the man who captured all the prizes, the State and Interstate cham-



MCCUTCHEON'S CARTOON OF
GEORGE ADE
COURTESY OF BOBBES-MERRILL CO.

pion orator, the sweet singer who could charm a bird out of a tree. Naturally some of the young men who found themselves chained to the chariot wheels of this triumphant young genius regarded him with more or less envy. Whenever we met any of our fraternity brothers from De Pauw, we would ask about this wonderful Beveridge, and they would say, 'Why, he has them all hypnotized—the President, the faculty, the girls and everybody.' Strange to say he has continued his hypnotic career until now no one can tell where he is going to stop, and goodness knows the Indiana Society is not going to try to stop him.

"Just after leaving college I began to hear of the Landis family. Most of the congressmen from Indiana are now Landises and those that can be spared are up in Chicago holding judicial positions. Never shall I forget my first meeting with Charles B. Landis. He and John McCutcheon and I found ourselves together in a small town where a mob had collected for the purpose of beating down the jail doors and lynching a murderer. We were present to send the story to daily papers and I remember that our attitude toward the impending horror was this: We felt that a lynching would put a blot on the fair name of Indiana, but would make a great story for the morning papers. Along about 12 o'clock we began to fear that our native State was not to be disgraced, so Mr. Landis urged Mr. McCutcheon to start something. Mr. McCutcheon mounted a store box, assisted by me and shouted in a loud voice; "Give me eight determined men." A deputy sheriff started for him and we started for Lafayette and did not see Mr. Landis again until years afterward when he was a Congressman and was teaching his brother Fred how to capture the adjoining district.

"Then I came to Chicago, but I couldn't get away from the Hoosiers. In fact, you can't get away from a Hoosier no matter where you go. My only pleasant recollection of Shanghai, China, was meeting young Charles Denby of Evansville, and the best thing I saw in Paris was Colonel Jack Gowdy of Rushville. And when I arrived in Chicago one of the first notables with whom I came in contact, was that industrious young reformer, Alderman Charles Alling. Now although Mr. Alling lived in Madison for years there is some dispute regarding his claim that he is a Hoosier. It is reported that he was born across the river in Louisville, Kentucky. In fact a bitter controversy has waged for years between these two cities, Louisville and Madison, regarding Mr. Alling's birth place. The people in Louisville claim that he was born in Madison and the people in Madison claim that he was born in Louisville.

"Needless to say I found Chicago surcharged with Hoosier exiles—men who were here not because they wanted to leave Indiana, but because the population up here could be worked more easily than the bright native article down home. You know it has been said that a great many men who are Hoosiers by birth are suckers by instinct. And so we who are true to the old State cannot blame you for remaining here in Chicago, although I trust that all of you are following my example and if you succeed in separating the Chicago public from any part of its revenues, that you will invest your ill gotten gains in Indiana.

"However, I am wandering from my subject. I started to tell you of the great Hoosiers I had met. After coming to Chicago, I revisited Lafayette occasionally and often heard of a wonderful young man who had come up from Indianapolis, and who was said to be the brightest student, the cleverest black-and-white artist,

the best singer, the best banjo-player, waltzer and cigarette inhaler in the whole university, so I became acquainted with Booth Tarkington, whose marvelous career has been a surprise and delight to all of his friends, for we with our usual mistakes in horoscoping had predicted that he would never buckle down to work.

"Then there was that other Hoosier whom I had heard as boy and who occasionally came to Chicago and did a bigger business than Barnum's circus. It would be a waste of words to indulge in praise of James Whitcomb Riley before an assemblage of Hoosiers. Every one of us had put him on a pedestal a mile high.

"During my early career in the newspaper business I had the privilege of meeting and interviewing such eminent Hoosiers as Judge Gresham, General Lew Wallace, Senator Voorhes and Vice-President Fairbanks, and I give you my word of honor that every time I went to see these men I found myself talking about Indiana and came away from them empty handed so far as any actual news was concerned.

"Looking back at these prized meetings after all these years I can see that probably they took advantage of the green reporter who was over-enthusiastic regarding his Hoosier nativity. Gentlemen, I find that I have made a mistake in choosing this subject. If I go on to tell you of my unbounded admiration for the towering Fairbanks, the urbane Charles Major, the genial Meredith Nicholson, the astute Harry New, the great Romeo Johnson, the volcanic Hanley, the immaculate Tod Sloan or the mighty Kid McCoy, I should take up all of the time allotted to all of the speakers. I cannot glorify all of the Hoosiers at one sitting. I will have to make it a serial. Indiana and the Hoosiers are proud on many scores, but I think that the chief pride of every son of the State is

for the men who have achieved honorable distinction in governmental affairs, in literature and the arts, and that in a country which is supposed to be intent merely on money getting. Not one of the many Hoosiers that we honor is called great because he made money, and not one but will be remembered and honored when the ordinary millionaires are forgotten. Indiana has made such a name for itself within the past twenty years that the Hoosier is no longer on the defensive. He is no longer terrified by the Posey County joke, and he is armed with facts and figures which give him the long end of the argument with any effete easterner.

"We are acquiring such a monopoly of gray matter that if a real bright young man rises up somewhere outside of the State and begins to do things the public and the publishers both begin to marvel. No long ago in New York, I met a man who said, 'At last we have found here in New York a native humorist who is just as keen as any of those fellows out west. He is as droll as Riley, as fanciful as Bill Nye and as quaint as Mark Twain. You ought to meet Simeon Ford.' A short time after that I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ford and during our conversation I referred to him as an eastern man, whereupon he said 'I am living here because I have interests in New York City, but as a matter of fact I was born in Layfayette, Indiana,' So what's the use?

The next speaker, Wilbur D. Nesbit, was introduced by Judge Defrees, who told the following anecdote: "Several months ago, I happened to be in Anderson and a fellow asked me, 'What's Bill Nesbit doing now?' I replied that he was writing poetry. 'It beats all,' replied the fellow, 'What some people will do for a living.'"

Mr. Nesbit spoke in part as follows:

"I am a Hoosier by acclimatization, and just as happy over it as if I had been born in the State. I belong to the Jacobite wing of Hoosiers. Those of you who recall the Old Testament will recollect Jacob, who was a Roosevelt Republican and necessarily a Hoosier. He became the father of Israel and was therefore the original anti-race-suicide man. You will recall that Jacob served seven years to achieve happiness. Glancing over the constitution of the Indiana Society I note that I am not an alien, as I had thought, for if one has enjoyed the equable climate of Indiana for seven years he is entitled to the rights and privileges of this society. I lived in Indiana nine years, and then I began writing poetry, and had to go elsewhere. To-night we have been very properly telling each other what a great thing it is for Indiana that we are here. We have been speaking of the great Indianians of to-day and of the past—men who have lent luster to the name of the State from the day when George Rogers Clark, with prescient eye, saw that in the future the Bobbs-Merrill Company would want a best selling novel and kindly laid the plot for 'Alice of Old Vincennes'—from that day on down to the time that George Ade quit planting capital letters carelessly in the midst of his fables and began yodling 'A farmer's life is the life for me'—and living at the Waldorf-Astoria. Yet, while we do all just and proper honor to the men who make Indiana famous by living elsewhere, let us not forget those brave souls of the olden years, those hardy pioneers of the history of the world, those Hoosiers who have widened the vision of mankind and whose names are cherished as household words wherever the English language is spoken of favorably.

"I refer in these vague, general terms first to that first of all Hoosiers—Adam. It is not long since a thoughtful man declared with great conviction that the garden of Eden was located in what is now Brown county, Indiana. We do not know much about Adam, at this late day, save that, like all true Hoosiers, he felt very sad when he had to leave the farm and go forth to battle with the world. Then, there was that other celebrated Hoosier, Christopher Columbus. Would he were with us to-night! Poor old Chris! An exile from home, he went to the limit of his ingenuity in devising ways to get back to his native heath. We are told that King Ferdinand asked him to stand an egg on end. Chris knew how. He had foreknowledge of the facts that would be accomplished in the cold storage plants at Hammond, Indiana.

"Christopher Columbus was a great man, and a great Hoosier. and his services to his native State are not entirely requited in the naming of Columbus, Indiana, in his honor. At the moment, I call to mind another Hoosier who has left his name and fame as a heritage to the world, William Shakespeare. True, he wrote his plays much as Mr. Ade writes some of his—away from home. Doubtless Mr. Shakespeare had his reasons for that. Shakespeare—Bill, as friends of the family love to speak of him—was a great dramatist and a clever playwright, but he ran considerably to quotations and seemed unable to work in enough songs and dances to make his shows last over a week in New York. Need I go on? Need I mention Mary Tudor, Queen Elizabeth, Henry of Navarre, and other Hoosiers who achieved eminence abroad, but whose Hoosier speech, pure and undefiled, is preserved for us in the historical novels which now crowd the shelves of our Carnegie libraries?

"And right here a point occurs to me. Envious outsiders look up from their books long enough to speak satirically of Indiana as the literary belt. They mention the dialect poetry regions, and the historical novel districts, and the countries wherein the ballade and rondeau flourish with the prodigality of the corn and bean of commerce. They have even prepared maps, showing by means of shaded and unshaded portions where the traveler must strike in order to find or avoid certain brands of literature.

* * *

"Mentioning Mr. Carnegie's name brings me to the prime cause of this literary activity in Indiana. Mr. Carnegie, as we all know, became immensely wealthy through manufacturing steel, hot air and other things. Mr. Carnegie evolved a pleasant plan for perpetuating his memory by donating libraries to any city that was large enough to hold one. The libraries built, it became necessary to fill them with books. Where has the world turned in times of stress? And wasn't it another Hoosier, Solomon, who said, 'Of the making of many books there is no end?'

"Go down the list: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri—all down the line they have been exposed by McClure's Magazine or have been jammed up wafer-like upon the rapier point of Tom Lawson's pen. Indiana stands almost alone; immaculate, pure—a vestal virgin tending the eternal fires of true citizenship. Even if I knew aught against Indiana I would not speak it—and I know nothing.

"I believe it was Martin Van Buren who started to drive west when he was president. He went no farther than Indianapolis. Carping folk of other states have alleged that his carriage sunk in a mudhole near White river, but the truth is that when

he saw Indiana he was like the man whom the doctor told that if he didn't stop drinking he would go blind. 'All right,' said the man, 'I guess I've seen about all there is worth seeing.'

"I wish more time were allotted to me—but I cannot encroach upon the pleasure you are to have in listening to the eloquent speakers who are yet to come—men of whom not only Indiana, but the whole country is proud. I thank you for your patience and your attention, and I agree with you that in the words of one of Indiana's best loved poets,

"The winds of Heaven never fanned
The borders of a better land
Than our own Indiana."

Judge Defrees in introducing Senator Beveridge paid a fitting tribute to this eminent statesman and admirable Hoosier. He said that Senator Beveridge came to Indiana poor in worldly goods but richly endowed with greatness of mind and integrity of character which he inherited from his parents, and that fame had crowned him not alone by this, but through his own achievements. There was a surge of great enthusiasm and the Senator was cheered to the echo when he arose to speak. His speech was continually interrupted, his statements and sentiments being applauded vigorously. The Senator was in great form that night and his oration, though brief, was terse, timely and trenchant, sparkling with pungent sentiment and overflowing with patriotic ardor not alone for Indiana but for the whole country. Senator Beveridge spoke as follows:

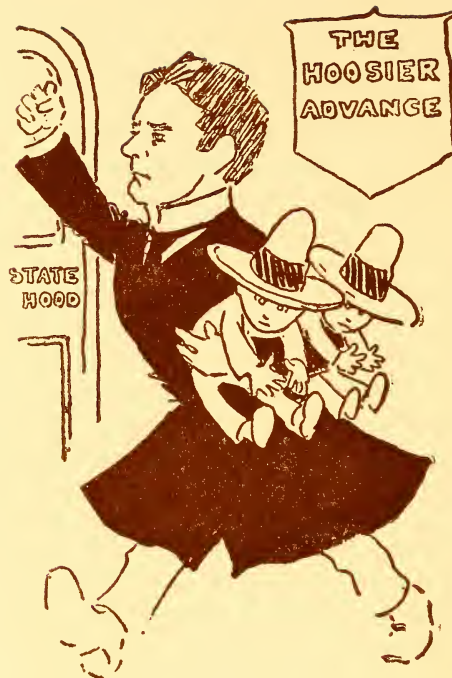
"Indiana is the home of the average American. In Indiana we have no vastly rich, no meanly poor. Our resources are more varied than those of any equal area of the Republic—our wealth

more evenly distributed. Crazy poverty and coarse opulence—those dread sowers of the dragon's teeth—stalk not through Indiana's fields. These are the conditions that produce no extremes but only one great brotherhood of just and kindly and moderate-minded citizenship.

"Being average Americans we Indianians are, first of all, conservative; for conservatism is the soul of American character. Neither radical reaction nor Bourbon inertia can live in our clear atmosphere. We reject nothing merely because it is new; retain nothing merely because it is old. 'Prove all things—hold fast that which is good.' These wisest of words of the wisest Apostle constitute our creed.

"The average American despises sensationalism. He is always cool, and sound of nerve, and full of health and honest through and through. And he knows that sensationalism is feverish, neurotic, diseased and false. So those convulsions of public thought and feeling, that so often move great masses of people to serious extremes, disturb not the perfect poise of Indiana citizenship. All the armies of all the 'isms' halt at the borders of our serene and clear-eyed commonwealth. Shams avoid us; and the demagogue gets no permanent following among our people, whose normal instincts sense his quality and whose keen intelligence sees through his disguises.

"After all these are the only real dangers before the Republic—storms of half-reasoned passion that may engulf the ship; class division that may set the crew at one another's throats; and demagogues, unskilled in navigation and reckless of their course and port, so they may, for awhile, captain the vessel and wear the uniform of real officers. Indiana, home of the average American,



MCCUTCHEON'S CARTOON OF
U. S. SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
COURTESY OF BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

knows no such hurricanes, has no classes, no demagogues. Within the hearts of Indianians reside those qualities that make for the saving of the Nation.

"That common sense that refuses to be surprised out of its self-control; that integrity so natural that it is unconscious of itself and is honest in the dark; that pure courage that avoids all combat save that which righteousness compels, and in that cause counts death an ordinary duty; that patriotism which knows that the welfare of the State is possible only in the welfare of the Nation—these are the qualities which save the Nation. These are the qualities that make up the character of most of the Republic's eighty millions. And more than any other single portion of the Nation. these qualities are strongest in Indiana. Indiana the geographical heart of the country; Indiana the center of the Republic's population; Indiana the State where the common school is more esteemed than the counting house; Indiana where wealth, while sought for and not despised, is valued less than manhood. For Indiana's crowning glory is her conservative Americanism.

"If you would describe Indiana with a single adjective, do not call her the great or splendid or imperial commonwealth—call her the normal commonwealth, her people steady-pulsed and sane, perfect examples of the average American, among whom the character of that typical American, Abraham Lincoln, was formed.

"Yes, average Americans we Indianians, living up to the average American's ideals and glad to die for them. Indiana is supremely national—perhaps the most national of all the States—thinking first of the Republic and second of herself. Indiana has no State flag. Indiana knows that a State flag is a contradiction to our nationhood; knows that State flags are, at best, the emblems

of a reminiscence. And so Indiana has, by formal law written on her statute books, refused to recognize any flag or adopt any ensign as her own except only the Stars and Stripes, which belongs to California as well as to her and which waves over a people instead of a petty sovereignty—a people of which it is Indiana's highest pride to be a part.

"The average American is a man of peace, and therefore a man of war. He knows the brotherhood of plowshare and of sword wrought of the same steel; and so forty winters ago, when the red years came, Indiana, with her then scanty population of these average Americans, gave to the armed service of the Nation more men than the entire Republic sent to the field from first to last in the War with Spain; 21,000 more Indianians died in battle forty years ago than perished everywhere on land and sea in the Spanish conflict; and that hero-statesman, whom Lincoln called the 'President of the United States for the Mississippi Valley,' Oliver P. Morton, held the line of loyal States unsevered where the Confederacy had planned to cut in twain, the Union.

"Yes! The average American is made of fighting stuff and dying stuff—hero metal. But he demands a cause for his self-sacrifice; and the only cause worthy of that supreme surrender is the safety of the nation. And until the dread comes the average American loves to live the natural life of hearty industry—loves to weave through his earnest days the brighter hours of song and laughter.

"Indianians have always seen, even amid crowded and serious circumstances, the kindly face of humor. The great American got his first fund of stories in southern Indiana; and his Indiana boyhood gave him that turn for jesting which in all time has been

characteristic of the common people. Note the kinship of mingled fun and melancholy, of tears and smiles revealed in Lincoln's humane sayings, in Riley's verses, in McCutcheon's pictures, in George Ade's amazing parables, and in Nesbit's brilliant but homely wit. All of it reveals the same source, the same parentage. It comes from the common people, comes from beneath the roof-trees of the masses. It smells of the earth—brown from the plowshare or bearing harvests raised by the sweat of happy toilers for the feeding of the nations. It has the intellectuality of the open air; the sweep and freedom of the American mind—the American mind that stands erect and laughs at all pretense and all pretenders, whether among men or institutions. The average American bares his head only to the flag, and bends his knee only to the Universal Ruler of all men, all worlds, all things.

"Yes, all these children of Indiana's soil—Riley, Ade, the McCutcheons, Tarkington, Nesbit, Phillips, Nicholson—got their inspiration and material from the plain and brave and simple and yet high-thinking folk among whom they were born and raised, and whom, pray God, they never will forget.

"Riley is vital and will endure because he reports the real speech of real people in our common Indiana homes. McCutcheon's wizard pencil pictures the genuine comedy of the wholesome fireside, which is the dearest memory of every average American. And George Ade is the personified sham-hating, common-sense sarcasm of this same average American, whipping the whole brood of respectable falsehoods down the highways of public ridicule.

"We love Indiana because it is home—real home where love dwells and self-sacrifice yields its holy joys, where heartiness and simple faith and noble ideals still glorify the common heart, and where American traditions still are realized in daily life and living.

"We love Indiana because of its broad, unselfish, catholic Americanism; because Indiana identifies her well-being with the well-being of all the American people of which she is an inseparable part. Indiana never asks laws for Congress specially applicable for her alone, Indiana never opposes measures which the welfare or honor of the nation demand because she fancies some local interests may be injured; Indiana has no industries—wants no industries—whose prosperity does not travel hand in hand with the prosperity of the country as a whole; Indiana seeks no wealth or material happiness flowing from the favor of the republic's laws which every foot of the entire land does not equally share and which every one of our 80,000,000 Americans do not equally enjoy'

"We love Indiana because she achieves the true meaning of the common people—the plain people of Lincoln's phrase; not the 'common people' of the demagogue, not the 'plain people' of the political charlatan—no, not these monstrous caricatures of the American masses, but the common people who founded free institutions and for whom free institutions exist; who see in citizenship under such institutions life's highest prize; who toil joyfully for daily bread and count honest labor not one of the burdens of existence but one of its opportunities; who know that statutes cannot bring the millennium and that improvement in human conditions comes, like all good things in Nature, only by steady growth and healthful development; who ask of their servants only what they practice themselves—sturdy honesty, thorough work, unselfish devotion to the republic.

"We love Indiana because of the men she has given to the nation and the world; because of Lincoln and of Morton and of

Harrison; because of Riley, the American Burns; of Ade and McCutcheon; of Tarkington, whose genius has not separated him from the homely and wholesome folk of his native State; of Nicholson, Nesbit and Phillips.

"We love Indiana because it is a place where wealth, while sought for and not despised, is valued less than manhood; we love Indiana because she is true to herself, true to the nation, true to genuine Americanism and its sacred ideals; we love Indiana because, true to these things herself, she keeps us and all her sons and daughters true to them as well, and so is a source of righteousness and strength to this noblest experiment of all times, the American republic."

The last speaker on the program was John T. McCutcheon, the famous cartoonist of the *Chicago Tribune*. Mr. McCutcheon made a brief and humorous speech in which he told of how he and George Ade had gone hand in hand along the highroad of higher education in Indiana until they came to the parting of their ways, and Ade picked out literature while he took the foundling child of art into his heart and home. Mr. McCutcheon then stepped to the end of the room where an easel had been provided with a supply of heavy drawing paper, and there he rapidly sketched cartoons of Senator Beveridge, George Ade, S. S. McClure, James Whitcomb Riley, Judge Landis, Vice-President Fairbanks and others. The onlookers were both delighted and amazed at the swiftness and sureness with which Mr. McCutcheon executed the caricatures, which while humorous to the highest degree and in some instances almost libelous in their facetiousness, were nevertheless true to life and characteristic of the faces represented. A number of Mr. McCutcheon's drawings made for the banquet are reproduced on these pages.

Indiana Society
of Chicago



McOUTCHEON'S CARTOON OF
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

COURTESY OF BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

Mr. Hewitt Hanson Howland, editor of the *Reader Magazine*, Indianapolis, was the only speaker called upon from the tables. Mr. Howland came as a messenger from James Whitcomb Riley, who was unfortunately unable to be present at the banquet, by reason of a prior engagement, which amounted to a court command, to dine with President Roosevelt that same evening. Mr. Howland said:

"Mr. President and Fellow Statesmen: So many beautiful and brilliant things have been so beautifully and brilliantly said to-night that it is with an excess of trepidation that I rise to my feet in the dreary hope of rising to the occasion.

"You who have forsaken the mother-breast and have suffered yourselves to be brought up on the Chicago bowl; you who have the fortune of birth and the misfortune of migration have become Hoosier-Suckers—you, I say, have set an oratorical high water mark that no unhyphenated Hoosier can by any flood of eloquence hope to reach.

"Once upon a time the command was given to go forth and people the earth. Indiana was a bit slow in getting the message, but when she got it she knew it was up to her to find Mr. Garcia and all the other inaccessible gentlemen. So she sent her sons and daughters out into the waste places, until now, to-day, wherever freedom shrieks or money talks there is a Hoosier ready with the answer. So ubiquitous have they become that the thoughtless are likely to be betrayed into the belief that the Indiana genius is to be found everywhere save in his own state. But let them not be deceived. Another generation already lifts its ambitious head. Another group already stretches out achieving hands. Wisdom will not die with us, neither shall humor perish from the land. The Hoosier soil is not yet sterile—it is not even sterilized.

"Something of the Indian still clings to the Indianian. He never forgets. Transplant him where you will, he always remembers 'back home.' There are no alien Indianians. Once a Hoosier always a Hoosier. And so they go from us only to become more closely a part of us.

"But, after all, it is not surprising that the rank outsider should define a Hoosier as one who goes from Indiana. Look at the marks—bright and shining, but marks—who have carried the message unto the heathen.

"See the foremost humorist of the younger day! See the man with the magic crayon and the mind to match it! Yonder is the six-best-sellers rolled into one; while over the Alps lies Italy, and there sits the gentleman from Indiana. The old commonwealth's unfrenzied financiers are lending money wherever the highest interest leads them. Her jurists, her lawyers and her statesmen sit in the seats of the mighty. A great sculptor, a great painter, a great violinist are hers by birth and inspiration, though they have found their technique elsewhere. The pugs of the prize ring and the touts of the track know that a hero in each profession first fought and first rode in Indiana. And as for her authors, the sun never sets on them, except the *New York Sun*, and it sits.

"You blessed Hoosier evangels! You have spread the fame of your State over all the Union—spread it as thick as butter on country bread, and we who have tended the flocks at home have kept the sun shining that you might make the hay; we are proud of you—proud with a pride that is not only honest, but is rich.

"But back at Grigsby's Station there is one to whom the lures of the larger world have meant nothing. The call of the

wild has found him ever by his fireside, the door barred and the lamp lighted. If human judgment is not altogether a vain thing, then his name and his fame will live while Indiana lives. He speaks a universal language; he sings the song for all time. High is he in our love and appreciation to-day, but higher still will to-morrow hold him. Wherever there are eyes to weep, wherever there are lips to smile, his songs shall find an abiding place. And it is from him that I come to you to-night. His words must serve as excuse and apology for my own halting ones."

He then read the letter from the Hoosier poet to the society, which was as follows:

LEE D. MATHIAS, ESQ.,
Indiana Society of Chicago.

DEAR MR. MATHIAS:

Along with the invitation to the first annual banquet of the Indiana Society of Chicago, comes your personal request for my presence, thus doubling the high honor conferred, and, alas! for me, doubling the weight of regret that bears me down even as a helpless, hopeless burden, realizing that you all want me and I want all you, while a perverse fate has implacably arranged to hold us separate—at least upon this particular occasion—for it is particular, and to share its certain glory would be a lasting joy to me, for, while life lasts, my love for Indiana—even as yours—shall endure. How the good God has blessed us, giving us such a home that even when the ever-questing truant heart has ransacked the world and you have hacked a name of renown on the hip of the oldest pyramid ever "stacked up" on the oldest Ptolemy—who died ages before he could spell his name—many of you will

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recall how, even then, the thought of the little old crick bridge or culvert 'way back home som'ers in Indiana, antedates the pyramidal age and claim—since there your boy initials first went down in the gritty sandstone, along with—O, my boy!—along with those of the little, silent twilight girl at your side—ay, still at your side—and still silent. And you hear the way the old brook used to sound—such a bewildering blend of liquid, plaintive, dulcet sweetness of music as the hearing yet, in memory, weeps over as it listens 'way back home! So, honoring our childhood's home, we honor, too, the sacred memories of father—mother—still wistfully awaiting our return—whether by the lamplit window or the starlit skies.

Gratefully, loyally and fraternally yours,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The following letter of regret was also received from Mr. Edwin Walker, President of the Society:

MR. EDWARD M. HOLLOWAY,

Secretary Indiana Society of Chicago.

MY DEAR SIR:

I regret exceedingly that circumstances entirely beyond my control will prevent my being present at the first annual banquet of the Indiana Society of Chicago. It is a personal disappointment to me that I cannot be present at this, the first meeting of the Society. It would be a pleasure for me to recall the incidents of the first ten years of my professional life, spent at Logansport, Indiana. I recall that during these years I was especially fortunate in having the personal friendship, advice and counsel of such

men as Morton, Hendricks, McDonald and others of state and national reputation. It seems to me that these men and their associates laid the permanent foundations for the high character that their State has since attained.

I am sure that each and every member of the Indiana Society will be true and loyal to the lofty traditions of the State of their nativity and adoption.

I shall hope to be present at many future annual and other meetings of the Society, and to each member and the honored guests of the Society, I extend my cordial greetings for the coming New Year.

Sincerely yours,

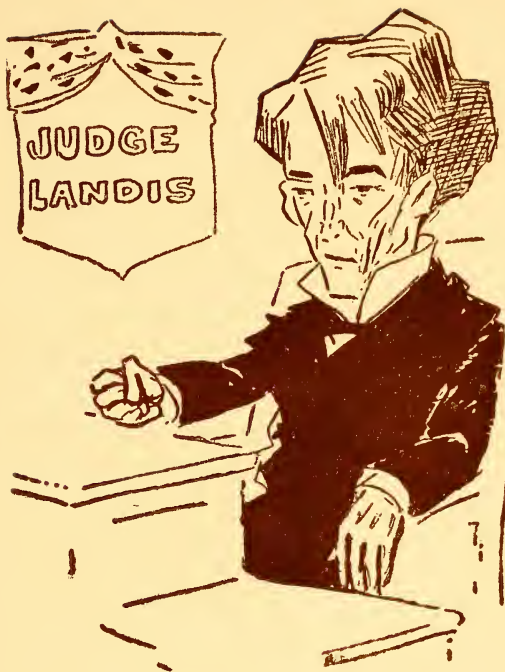
(Signed)

EDWIN WALKER.

The arrangements for the dinner were complete and thorough, and the plans of the different committees were admirably carried out. The menu was one of the best ever spread before a like gathering in Chicago. It was:

MENU.

BLUE POINTS
CREAM OF SPINACH, SOLFERINO
RELISHES
WHITEFISH AU CHABLIS
POTATO DAUPHINE
TENDERLOIN OF BEEF, BORDELAISE
FRENCH PEAS
SORBET AU KIRSCH
ROAST PHILADELPHIA SQUAB
LETTUCE SALADE
MERINGUE GLACE
CAKES
ROQUEFORT AND CAMEMBERT
COFFEE



McUTCHEON'S CARTOON OF
HON. KENESAW M. LANDIS
COURTESY OF BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

Great credit is due to the committees who had charge of the dinner and its incidentals. They were untiring, unflagging in their zeal and efforts to make the dinner a success—and to them is due an unmitigated meed of praise. The committees were:

SPEAKERS AND PROGRAM :

DANIEL W. SCANLAN, <i>Chairman</i>	GUY CRAMER
CHARLES L. FARRELL	FRANK M. MORRIS
WILLIAM A. VATER.	

RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT :

ALLAN C. DURBORROW, <i>Chairman</i>	HIRAM H. ROSE
GEORGE L. BRADBURY	HENRY C. BARLOW
HENRY W. GOSSARD	HUGH H. HADLEY
WILLIAM B. AUSTIN	CURTIS H. REMY
ELISHA C. FIELD	ARISTO B. WILLIAMS
EDWIN WALKER	SAM FINNEY
CHARLES W. MCGUIRE	KENESAW M. LANDIS
LEWIS H. FALLEY	LEWIS B. ERWIN

INVITATION AND FINANCE :

LEE D. MATHIAS, <i>Chairman</i>	WILLIAM C. FREE
WILLIAM T. FENTON	HERBERT L. JONES
FREDERICK G. CAMPBELL	

BANQUET :

HENRY S. TOWLE, <i>Chairman</i>	GEORGE B. MCCUTCHEON
EDWARD RECTOR	WILLIAM W. BUCHANNAN
CHARLES ALLING, JR.	

Already plans are being made for the next Annual Dinner of the Indiana Society of Chicago, and the joys and remembrances of the first one augur well for the success of the second.

